THE FIRST PART OF THE RURAL LOVERS DELIGHT,

OR THE

Young Men and Maids merry Companion;

Being a ſelect Collection of the

Polite SONGS

That have been Sung at

Vauxhall, Ranelagh the Theatres, and other Places of Public Entertainment.

CONTAINING

Eaſy John, or the Hen pick'd Huſband
The Jolly Gipſies.
The Sailor's Return.
Langolee.
The Joy inſpiring Horn.
The Bucks Ramble.
The Banks of Tweed.
The New Way to Keep Her.
The Greenwood Tree.
The Rapture.
Sweet William's Courtſhip.
The Careleſs Sot.
The Valliant Sailors.
The unfortunate Maiden.
The Storm.

Printed by J. MILLER, White lion-ſtreet, Goodman's-Fields.
Where Catalogues, Shop bills, Club-Orders, &c. are printed with neatneſs and expedition.

EASY JOHN,

Or the Hen pick'd Husband.

HUsbands and wives pray lend an ear,
While I to you rehearse my ditty,
A wife I have, and do declare,
Shes neither good natur'd nor witty.
For better for worse, I took my wife,
All joys of life with me's miscarry'd,
I often wish, but wish in vain,
To her I never had been marry'd.
Soon in the morning it is light,
I like a horse all day at labour,
And when that I come home at night,
Ma'am's gossiping 'broad with a neighbour,
The fire out, the bed not made,
Her coming home oblig'd to tarry,
And when she does, the first thing's said,
I'll make you rue you e'er did marry.
I am your wife, your lawful wife
To maintain me, you must endeavour,
I call her jewel, dear and life,
But all these loving things don't please her
She with the stool does comb my head,
My coat to th' pawnbroker carry'd,
Yet supperless I go to bed,
My prayers is,—O! I'd ne'er been marry'd.
On Sunday morn she does begin
As soon as her dear eyes are open,
D'you hear, John rise and fetch some gin,
Dear me, I think you're quite provoking.
The fire light and breakfast get,
The dinner to the baker carry,
My good wife's not contented yet,
Young men beware and never marry.
The shitten clouts I wash and dry,
The cradle rock and 'tend the fire,
The chamberpot does at me fly,
She cries you dog, there's take your hire,
I've got the cholic, fetch more gin,
And while I'm gone in comes young Harry,
My horns to compleat's the next thing
If this is wedlock, who would marry.
Then with the gin I hurry back,
In hopes to gain my dear wife's favor,
She calls me her contented buck,
And bids me drink unto my neighbour,
Then from my sight she cries begone
The devil take both her and Harry,
It would be well for easy John,
Believe me, I no more would marry.

The joy inspiring Horn.

A Favourite Hunting Song.

HArk! hark! the joy inspiring horn,
Salutes the rosy riling morn,
And echoes thro' the dale,
And echoes thro' the dale,
With clam'rous peals the hills resound
The hounds quick scented scower the ground,
And snuffs the fragrant gale,
And snuffs the fragrant kale,

No gates nor hedges can impede
The high brisk mettled starting steed.
The jovial pack pursue:
Like lightning darting o'er the plains
Th' distant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view.
Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes,
There pants awhile for breath,
When now the noise alarms her ears,
Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,
She sees approaching death.
Directed by the well known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize,
She faints, she fall she dies;
The distant courses now comes in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
Till echo rend the skies.

The Buck's Midnight Ramble.

AT midnight when each buck was drunk,
And each had got his roing punk,
We dam'd all puney asses;
Mischief then was our desire,
To chuck the waiter on the fire,
And break the bowl and glasses.
The uproar rear'd each whore was fled
And all the waiters gone to bed,
The landlord sued for quiet;
Keep it up was all their cries,
Those dogs they came their eyes
Then they'd kick up a riot.
Then chairs and tables went to rack
And in their nuns my fist went smack
Which set the froes a crying;
From their heads the blood did pour,
Aloud there cries all gaows whore,
Why, damn you, Bob's a dying.
In heaps they lay upon the ground,
With broken heads, black eyes round
Like oxen in a slaughter;
Rolling bob recovered soon,
Sweet slily crept out of the room,
And swiv'd the landlord's daughter.
The candles out and fire dim,
And every thing so queer and grim.
Much like a scene of trouble;
Into a ratler all he got,
And bilk'd the landlord of his shot,
And tipt the whores the double.

The banks of Tweed.

ALL on the pleasant banks of Tweed,
Young Jockey won my heart,
None play'd so sweet on oaken reed,
Nor sung with so much art;
His soothing tale did soon prevail,
And made me fondly love him,
But now he flies, nor heeds my cries,
Ah! why did I believe him, ah!
why did I believe him.
When first the youth made his address
He nought but love did say;
Give me, he cry'd, my heart again,
The heart you've stole away:
Or else incline to give me thine,
And I'll together join them:
My faithful heart could never part,
Ah! why did I believe him.
Not now my slighted face he knows,
His soon forgotten dear
To a more wealthier lass he goes
To breathe his falsehood there:
Mistaken fair! the youth's a cheat,
Not for a moment trust him,
For shining gold he's bought and sold,
Ah! why did I believe him.
Now all you maidens slight the swain,
His flattering story shun,
Or you like me, will be betray'd,
Like me will be undone.
But peace, my breast, break not my
rest
But try quite to forget him
I soon may see as good as he,
I wish I ne'er had seen him,
I wish I ne'er had seen him.

THE

THE VALIANT SAILORS.

YE Gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at eaſe,
Little do you think upon,
The dangers of the ſeas;
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly ſhow,
All the cares and the fears,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.
All you that will be ſeamen,
Muſt bear a valient heart,
And when you come upon the ſeas,
You muſt not think to ſtart,
Nor yet to be faint-hearted
In hail, rain, blow, or ſnow,
Never to think for to ſhrink,
When the ſtormy winds do blow,
When the ſtormy winds do blow,
And England is at wars,
With any foreign nation,
We fear no kind of fears;
Our daring guns ſhall teach them,
Our valour for to ſhow,
And we reel on the keel,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.
Sometimes in Neptune's boſom,
Our ſhip is toſt in waves,
Expecting every moment
The ſea to be our graves
Then up again ſhe mounteth,
And down again ſo low,
With the waves on the ſeas,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.
But when we do come home,
And take our wages for our pains,
The tapſters and the vintners,
They help to ſhare the gains.
We call for liquors freely boys,
And pay before we go,
Then we roar on the ſhore,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

The unfortunate Maiden.

'TWAS when the ſens were roaring,
With hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock declin'd.
Whide o'er the roaring billows,
She caſt a watchful look,
Her head waa crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.
Twelve months were gone & over
And nine long tedious days,
Why didſt thou 'ventrous lover,
Why diſt thou croſs the ſeas,
Ceaſe, ceaſe thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover reſt,
Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breaſt.
The merchant robb'd of pleaſure,
Views tempeſts in diſpair,
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
To the looſing of my dear.
Should you ſome coaſt be hard on,
Were gold and diamonds grow
You may find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.
How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain,
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain.
No eyes thoſe rocks diſcover,
That's lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.
O! Neptune! Neptune, Neptune
Why was you then ſo croſs,
In this my woeful loſs
Why didſt not ſend thy Triton,
To check the boiſt'rous waves
Tha him whom I did doat on,
Might find ſucceſsful days.
All melancholy lying,
See grieved for her dear,
Repaid each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white waves ſtoop
His floating corps ſhe 'ſpy'd,
Then like a lilly drooping.
She bow'd her head and died.

The STORM.

Or, the Dangers of the Sea.

CEase rude boreas blustering railer
List ye land men all to me,
Messmates hear a brother sailer,
Sing the dangers of the sea,
From bounding billows first in motion
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest troubled ocean
Where the seas contend with skies.
Hark the boatswain hoarsly bawling,
By top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand,
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails hand boys hand;
Now it freshens, set the braces,
Now the top-sail sheets let go,
Luff boys luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top sails nimbly clew.
Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fears our minds enthral.
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls,
The top-sail yard point to the wind boys,
See all clear to reef each course,
Let the fore-sheet go don't mind boys
Tho' the weather should be worse,
Fore and aft the main sail yard gor,
Reef the mizen, see it clear,
Hands up, each prepare for service,
Man the fore yard, cheer lads cheer.
Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us,
Hark what means the dreadful cry.
The foremast's gone cries ev'ry tongue out
O'er the lee twelve feet above deck,
A leak beneath the chest tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck;
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
Come my hearts be stout and bold,
Plumb the well, the leak encreases,
Four feet water in the hold.
While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives and children mourn.
Alas, from hence there's no retreating,
Alas, from hence there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain pumps are chok'd below.
Heaven have mercy here upon us,
For only he can help us now.
O'er the lee beam is the land boys
Let the guns overboard be thrown,
To the pump come every hand boys
See the mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found cannot pour fast
We've lighten'd her a foot or more
Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
She right, she right, boys we're off shore.
Now once more on joys we're thinking
Since kind fortune has sav'd our lives
Come, the can boys let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to your lips a brimmer join,
Where's the tempest now, who feels it
None, our danger is drown'd in wine.

The RAPTURE.

A new Song.

While on thy dear bosom lying,
Celia who can speak my bliss,
Who the Rapture I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy Lips I kiss.

Every

Every look with love inſpire me
Every touch my boſom warms ;
Every melting tranſport fires me
Every joy is in thy arms.
Thoſe dear eyes how ſoft they languiſh,
Feel my heart with rapture beat,
Pleaſure turns almoſt to anguiſh,
When the rapture is too great.
Look not ſo divinely on me,
Celia, I ſhall die with bliſs :
Yet, yet turn thoſe eyes upon me,
Who'd not die Death like this.

LANGOLEE.

I AM a bold Iriſhman, it's very well known,
I'll make you merry as merry can be ;
Whenever I meet with a laſs of the town,
I'll give her a ſlaſh with my Langolee.
Langolee, lefredelom. bobbin the room,
Sing a beau, hear a beau, ſing for the Mogulum,
The merry duſt of my Langolee.
From Ireland to England, from England to France,
They have heard the report of my Langolee ;
And in a ſhort time they ſay I'll advance,
Some hundreds get well with my Langolee,
The ladies of London that have heard of my fame ;
Are fit to run mad with my Langolee.
With their lords and their knights they cannot agree
My doſe it is called the Langolee.
Langolee, ſleeping or a waking,
Put the doſe to'em, they're always a taking ;
I cure all obſtructions wherever I be,
And all with my Iriſh Langolee.
There's Weſt, Ward, and Hudſon, not one of the three,
With practice they can compare with me ;
With their Pills and their Powders I cannot agree,
My doſe it it called the Langolee.
Langolee, there it not ſuch another,
Cures the green ſickneſs and fits of the mother ;
I cure all obſtructions werever I be,
And it's all with my Iriſh Langolee.

The New Way to keep Her.

THE mind of a woman can never be known
You never can gueſs it a right,
I'll tell you the reaſon ſhe know not her own,
She changes ſo often e'er night
Twou'd puzzle apo lo her whimſies to follow,
His oracle would be a jeſt.
She' frown when ſhe's kind,
She'll change with the wind,
And often abuſe the man that ſhe likes beſt.
And him ſhe ref ſes chuſes
To keep them in temper I'll tell you the way
I'd have you give ear to my plan
Be merry and chearful, good humour'd & gay
And kiſs them as oft as you can
For while you do theſe, you the ladies will pleaſe,
Their affections your ſure for to gain,
Then be of a mind,
And quickly you'll find,
'Tis better than wrangling, contending and jangling
For they'll love you & kiſs you again.

Sweet WILLIAM's COURTSHIP.

Sweet William came to pretty Nancy
Who was bleſt with beauty bright,
Saying, my dear, you are my fancy,
You are my joy and heart's delight.
I am going to plow the ocean,
To bring home gold and ſilver ſtore
I will not tarry but th e I'l marry,
When I return to the Engliſh ſhore.
Deareſt dear, if you believe me,
You're my firſt and only love,
If you will prove true and loyal,
You'l find me like a turtle dove.
Both true and loyal without doubt
I mean to love you evermore,
I'll never leave you nor deceive you,
But rejoice when you come on ſhore.
My deareſt dear I muſt be going,
The captain calls I dare not ſtay,
The wind is blowing, the ſea is flowing,
Strait to the ſhip I muſt away,
Let this be taken as a token,
That I mean to love you for evermore,
I will not tarry but you I'l marry,
When I return to Old England's ſhore.
The firſt that woo'd her was a taylor,
He offer'd her a purſe of gold,
She ſaid it ne'er ſhould be reported
That her conſtant heart was ſold.
Be gone you taylor, I love a ſailor,
To whom I did my promiſe give,
I ne'er will leave him, nor deceive him,
The longeſt day I've to live.
When forty months were gone and better
From his long voyage he did return,
From him ſhe did receive a letter
Deſiring her then not to mourn;
Saying, my dear, I am now coming,
With gold and ſilver my true love to crown,
I will not tarry but you I'l marry,
And live together in London town.

Jolly GIPSIES.

COme, come, come you dainty doxies,
Come to me you girls ſo dear;
Altho' we have no houſes nor riches,
Yet we will never want good cheer

CHORUS.

So come along with us and booze it briſkly
All you girls that love your eaſe:
For the jolly Gipſies, they'll go tipſying,
And go a—when ever they pleaſe.
Let the miſer hoard up his money,
We will ſpend it at our eaſe;
We will toil it we will foil it,
And will ſpend it as we pleaſe,
All you that delight in pretty women,
Muſt enjoy her while you may;
Strive to delight her and content her
Then ſhe'll pleaſe you night & day.
We are honeſt, we are boozey,
Fairly with our bleſſes dear;
We are courting, we are ſporting,
Yet we never want good cheer.
Sometimes we drink ſack and ſherry
Sometimes we drink water ſad,
Sometimes we are very merry,
And ſometimes we are plaguy mad
So to conclude and end my ditty,
In a jovial flowing bowl;
Some are wiſe, and ſome are witty,
Gipſies they are merry ſouls.
So come, &c.

The Sailor's Return.

LET fops pretends in flames to melt,
And talk of pain they never felt,

Ye Sailor's ſcorn diſguiſe or art
And with our hands beſtow our hearts,
Let ladies fondiſhly deny,
Look cold and give their tongue the lye,
I own the paſſion in my breaſt,
And long to make my lover bleſs'd.
For this the ſailor on the maſt,
Endures the cold and cutting blaſt,
All dropping wet wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight,
For this the virgin pines & ſighs
Beating heart and ſtreaming eyes,
Till ſweet rivers of joy ſhe proves
And claſps the tender lad ſhe loves.
Ye Britiſh youth, be brave you'll find,
The britiſh virgins will prove kind,
Protect their beauty from all harms,
And they will reward you with their charms.

The GREEN WOOD TREE.

YOung Colin has much to ſay
In ſecret to a Maid,
Perſuaded her to leave the hay
And ſeek the embowering ſhade.
When after roving with his mate,
Where none could hear or ſee,
Upon the velvet ground they ſat,
Under the Greenwood Tree.
Your charms ſays Colin fire my breaſt
What muſt I for them grieve
No night nor Day can I have reſt,
I can't without you live.
My herd, my flocks, and all is thine
Could you and I agree
Oh! would you to my wiſh incline,
Under the Greenwood.
All this but fe'v'd to fire his mind
She knew not what to do,
Till to his luſt ſhe would be kind,
He would not let her go.
His love, his wealth her mind diſplay'd
No longer coy was ſhe,
To ſecret reed he led the blushing maid
From under the Greenwood Tree.

THE CARELESS SOT.

I'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby-noſ'd ſot, [plot,
Who never once thought of treaſon or
A good bottle that's mellow the chief of my cure, [up hairs.
And I guzzle each night till I'm carry'd
A good bottle, &c.
From the tombs of the brave ones, the wealthy and wiſe, [lies;
All the news they tell us, is under here
'Tis a hint that I like not, a trumpery tale, [flaggons of ale.
So I drown all the thoughts on't in
They call me ſot, blockhead, or ſcum what they will, [nor ſkill,
But if wealth nor if titles nor wiſdom
Can their owners preſerve from a churchyard or priſt, [jeſt.
Why I'll live as I like it, all methods
On the leſſon of Nature it is that I think, [taught me to drink,
or ſhe taught me to love, and ſhe
To my pleaſures a power ſhe taught me to give, [I live.
And I'll ſtick to her maxims as long as
I've money good ſtore and ſpend it I muſt, [juſt,
Hey roaring and jolly, but honeſt and
That cold in my coffin my landlord may ſay,
He's gone and he's welcome, there's nothing to pay.